
Title: Contemplations...

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The instinctive definition is to claim that Justice is that which brings punishment onto a criminal, to take one who has harmed us or our laws, our society and see retribution brought upon them. This view on it, a visceral thing that comes from the hurt and dark parts of our psyche, is exactly that which the Virtue is designed to protect against. This is retribution, or revenge, not Justice.

The Virtue of Justice is the Principle of Truth, tempered by the Principle of Love. Justice, therefore, must be the judgement of a crime and a proper punishment given for it, but with it must come a conscience, ethicality, a heart of Compassion, which softens the hard hand of Truth and deals true Justice.

The Druidess Jaana teaches that in Justice, we must consider the total effect of both the crime and of what Justice we deal. We must consider not merely the crime, but the intent of the person who committed the crime.

I recall a circumstance I found myself in once, which may illuminate the matter;

I found myself travelling
between Britain and Yew
one year, when I came
across an farmer, chasing
a skinny lad towards me.

I turned my steed
sideways, stopping them
both, and greeted them
with raised hand.

"Greetings! May I ask
what transpires here?"

The farmer grabbed the
youth by the collar and,
seeing the symbols of
Virtue about my armour,
presented him to me with
an expression of glee.

"Paladin! I caught this
youth stealing my apples!
I have no family, and I
must spend hours
collecting what I can
from my farm and sell
them to survive - I
demand Justice!"

I looked intently at the
farmer "You wish true
Justice, sir? And will
abide by my judgement in
this?"

The farmer nodded grimly,
and the boy seemed to
pale, gripped solid still by
the farmer as he was.

I considered the issue
before me carefully,
before delivering what I
considered to be Justice.

"Boy - you have
committed the crime of
theft, and stolen food
from this farmer." I
looked at him grimly,
noting his sunken and
hungry features. "Your
punishment is thus; you
will work for the farmer
for the next three
seasons. He shall feed
you and lodge you, but he

shall not pay you for
your labour." The boy,
fearfully, nodded. "And do
not think of running, else
I shall seek you out."

I looked at the apparently
shocked and angry farmer,
"You have asked for
Justice, good farmer; you
have one who will work
for you, and together you
will harvest a greater
load of fruit."

The farmer realised then
that he had received aid
which would help him
greatly, and the boy
realised - in due time -
that he would be fed and
had a place to live."

When I came on the
farm some years hence,
the boy still worked for
the farmer, who
considered him a son.

They had received true
Justice - Truth, tempered
by Love.